



Black Death



👁 8 ✓ 1 ★ 3

Chapter 1 by lexiplays

[This is just a starter sentence, inspiration]. I was running from them. I wasn't sure what the government had for me, but I kept running. I hoped that my hood stayed on.

Chapter 2 by -



Yes, I was running, hiding my identity. I was an immigrant. Well an *illegal* immigrant.

I had run away from the brutal beasts in my country and come to the Land of the Free - at least that is what I had been raised to think of it as. But once I came across the border, people started looking at me and whispering.

"Is that a *muslim*?" They would say, or sometimes "How did *she* get in?"

It was awful, the way people criticized me. I hadn't heard about the new president. This man who had banned anyone from the middle east from coming to Trumpica.

And now that I was here, secret agents were searching for me. I couldn't trust anyone.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

🚫 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account